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the sublime laboratory of Nature, old as time, and vast as the globe,—is to talk somewhat Hibernicé. But no matter for that. Is this true? No—a hundred times, no!

In the first place, as to Nature's cements. We have shown that there are sandstones in English buildings which, for seven hundred years, have stood the test of time and weather, and which, for aught that appears, will stand as much longer. And on our own side of the Atlantic, we read its refutation—to go no further—in such specimens as little Richard Church's well-preserved head-stone.

No better—if as well—does the assertion hold in regard to cements which are really *artificial*. Who does not know that in many and many an instance, mere mortar—vulgar mortar, concocted by human hands from sand, and lime, and water, has become harder, and more cohesive, and more durable than the very stones and bricks which it held together and preserved for three thousand years? But I must stop.

C.

Foreign Correspondence, Items, etc.

OUR able and faithful correspondent, W. M. Rossetti, Esq., whose thought and reports under the head of "Art News from England" have hitherto been such a valuable element of interest in our columns, sends us this month, in lieu of a letter, the following account of J. M. W. Turner, accompanied by an extract taken from the *Spectator*, referring to the exhibition of portion of the works bequeathed by Turner to the English nation. Mr. Rossetti says:

"JOSEPH MALLOD WILLIAM TURNER, R. A.—name long familiar to Royal Academy exhibition catalogues, and to the secretest spirit of Nature—died close upon five years ago. He left a will—perfectly plain, as I hear, but informal—bequeathing the bulk of the large property he had acquired and hoarded by his art, for the foundation of a great institution for the benefit of artists; a goodly legacy to the Royal Academy; and his unsold oil-pictures and water-color paintings, with a vast mass of sketches and studies, to the nation. His body, as Ruskin pithily expresses it, was buried in St. Paul's, and his purposes in Chancery; and probably even American readers know that the last is a grave not apt to give up its dead. Years of litigation intervened. The heirs-at-law, whom Turner, perhaps, had never known or seen, contested the will; and, at length, a compromise has been effected, whereby the works of Art do at last come to the nation they were intended for, £20,000 to the Academy, and the balance of the property to the heirs. Turner's benevolent intentions go for nothing; but his fame, at least, is to rest on the pedestal which he had designed for it.

"Of the oil-pictures, there are, if I recollect aright what I once heard from Mr. Ruskin, about sixty, though I have seen the number stated higher. Of finished water-colors, that gentleman, while acting as Turner's executor, catalogued one hundred and thirty-five; of important studies in color, 1,757; of important sketches in pencil or pen and ink, 1,322: each class comprising works of all periods of his practice, from the earliest to the latest. So that in mere number and extent, the collection is one of the completest which any artist, of old time or new, has left behind him in a body.

"Well, at last, a sample of this splendid gift made to England, by one of her noblest sons, whom for years she delighted to dishonor, is before the public. I do not mean to say that Turner met with nothing but depreciation while alive. He was, from first to last, admired

in many ways by many people: but, the further he shot ahead of them, the blanker became the astonishment of the multitude; and astonishment soon found a voice in the decision of dabblers, and the contemptuous braying of their leaders, the critics. We all remember whose calm and strong voice, whose plain facts and severe demonstrations, rent the babbling, quacking, and hissing. Since the first volume of 'Modern Painters' appeared, the feeling about Turner has gradually but surely changed; and now the babblers are quite as likely to expose themselves by falling into imitated enthusiasm about real failures as by decrying works really great. At last, then, a sample of the bequest is before the public. Twenty of the oil-pictures having been hung at Marlborough House (adjoining our 'Vernon Gallery'), in the beginning of this month; and the public discover that Turner is very much to their taste. It does not seem to occur to them in any considerable degree, that some of the works are 'fiery daubs,' 'palette-scourings,' 'palette-knife plasterings,' 'phantasmagoria,' 'kaleidoscopes run mad,' and 'things to put your eyes out.' On the contrary, the public actually seem to enjoy these things, and delight in their glorious light and color; and to understand that the birth of a Turner in England, and the possession of such a legacy from his hand, are subjects of some legitimate national pride. I certainly never saw picture-seers more interested and eager, than those who crammed the narrow twilight of the Marlborough House room on the first day, when Turner's were made visible, nor clearer symptoms of pride in the artist blended with enjoyment of the art."

THE TURNER BEQUEST.

After five years, the public is actually permitted to have under its eyes a portion of the Turner bequest—a small portion, it is true, but still something. Twenty of the oil-pictures, ranging in date from 1797 to 1844, have been hung in Marlborough House in a room of the suite allotted to the Vernon Gallery, and were first seen by the general public on Monday. Crowds, of various classes, thronged the room, peering and poking in the attempt to get a look at the pictures, which is in many cases about as easy a task as the squaring of the circle. A more deplorable hole than this room for the exhibition of pictures could not be devised by ingenuity. On a bright summer's day its light would be twilight; on these wintry afternoons, it is nearly darkness, conveniently varied by the window-glare striking on the paint, and extinguishing every vestige of form upon the canvas. With all its drawbacks, however, the collection excited a real heartiness and animation in the visitors, and as much apparent pleasure as we ever witnessed in picture-seers. The occasion seemed to be in some sort felt as a national one.

In fact, the Turner bequest is one of the most noticeable national events in the Art-history of this or any other people. That wonderful painter—now, after much misunderstanding, cavilling, and obloquy, the undisputed king of British landscape-painting, and, save in the eyes of a small circle of dilettanti, of all landscape-painting whatsoever—has endowed the nation with such a monument of his genius as is scarcely to be found elsewhere in the case of any painter of past or present time. The Louvre has nothing to show of any single individual approaching the Turner collection in extent and completeness; and not Venice herself possesses a vaster record of her great son Tintoret, than we, when the collection shall be brought together in its entirety, will have of Turner.

The scanty installment of the collection as yet opened to public view already presents something of a compendium of the man's artistic life, from the dark neutral-tinted experiments of his youth, to what he worked up to, from grade to grade—the fiery splendors immediately preceding his decline. We proceed to indicate briefly a few of the points of interest in each; repeating, however, that it is impossible, whether for writer or for reader, to study them adequately in their present dungeon.

Moonlight; a study at Millbank: 1797.—A queer-looking little picture, which may remind one at the first glance of the vulgar moonlights vamped up and hawked about by the poorest of painters. The color looks slaty; the surface smooth-laid like japanning. On the darkness of the sky the full white moon is stamped like a new shilling, with a single star beside her. Look closer, however, and you will find strange points and indications of light piercing here and there through the gloom, with a curious air of suddenness and evanescence. Even this is not a *juvenile* work, it having been painted when Turner was not far from thirty years of age.

Shipwreck: 1805.—One of the noblest pictures belonging to this period of Turner's Art, marking equal intensity of purpose and self-

command. The sea is one great, splashing, whelming swell and heave, from one end of the picture to the other, with its dreadful hollow in the midst; the sky all lowering and rayless. In the distance, the shattered ship lies on her beam-ends; the crew crowding the rigging in desperate effort. Three boats have put off, attempting to save the remaining lives; in the midmost one, the women huddle and shiver. All the figures in this picture are well worth examining, to see how far it is from being the whole truth that Turner's human beings are sticks and shrimps. The paramount feeling of the scene is rendered throughout, and even with great truth, force, and competence, in the individual figures. Every one does and thinks what he would be thinking and doing. In the right-hand boat, amid the sturdy unshrinking energy of the crew, is a pale wasted-looking man, blanching before grim fate: he seems an invalid passenger. The splendid massiveness and vigor of the painting, taken as painting merely, is in harmony with the spirit of the time, and helps to impress it; the great yellow sail of the near boat coming sharp in a single broad space, with its wind-hollowed curve against the black of sea and sky.

Abingdon, Berkshire; about 1810.—The first among these pictures in which Turner's love of mist declares itself. A warm pale evening haze fills the whole middle space with breathing change and softness; while, for all this, extreme solidity marks the work. The mist is not more shifting than that which lies behind it is positive; obscured, indeed, for the time, but as much there and as safe as ever.

The decline of the Carthaginian Empire: 1817.—Here Turner has set himself not exactly to imitate Claude, but to contend with him on his own ground. The attempt is fatal. Sincerity of aim is overwhelmed by laborious preparation, and by the display of artistic resource for an artificial object; freedom of thought and of action is lost in a vain emulation; and vitality is gone. This famous work has many splendors, but no calmness or simplicity. It is done with heat and strain, and has no healthy influence for either painter or beholder.

The Bay of Baïæ: 1823.—With much less appearance of effort, this has the same look of being a subject taken up for fame and not for love. It appears also less complete according to its own standard; and, spite of infinite knowledge and beauty of detail, falls dead upon the feelings. The foreground is red, hot, and even crude-looking, until one examines it in its separate parts. There is a wonderful serpent gliding out to the right, and a delicious white rabbit which will soon be going down the slow length of the serpent's body, poor thing, gulp by gulp. But the truth about this picture, and others of its class, is that they have so little hold upon one's sympathies, that one is not tempted to go into the details, save here and there two or three which catch the eye, though one knows that the trouble would be repaid.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage; Italy: 1832.—In many respects, a glorious piece of color; glowing, mysterious, and iris-hued; penetrated with light and tender heat, and all jewel-like in its richness. The hill-distance of the right, streamed into by the sunlight, and the wooded river-shore, have beauty as pure and as gorgeous as can well be imagined. The foreground, however, is rather vague and unsatisfying; and the whole picture, in something the same manner as the Baïæ, fails to interest you, or cloy you with claims on the interest—you scarcely know which.

Apollo and Daphne (1837), Phryne going to the Bath as Venus (1838), and Agrippina landing with the ashes of Germanicus (1839), belong to the painter's most prismatic mode of color. The Phryne particularly blushes like a rose, and quivers all over with palpitating color, like a bed of flowers; while the Agrippina is steep in golden orange, which seems to burn into it and out of it again. Of the remaining works, the mightiest—and the mightiest therefore in the whole series—is the "Fighting Téméraire," tugged to her last berth (1839). We do not say it is faultless, for the flame-scarlet of the molten clouds is in some respects, we think, opaque and failing; but for majesty there is nothing to be set beside it out of Turner's own works, and few even of them. Two Venice subjects—"The Bridge of Sighs" (1840), and the "Sun of Venice" going to Sea (1840), with the "Burial of Wilkie" (1842)—complete the score. For loveliness, grace, and enchantment, the Venices surpass all else. A more exquisite piece of twilight softness and luminousness than the Bridge of Sighs, with the glow of daylight still lingering, spiritualized by the evening dimness, could not, we believe, proceed from the hand of man; the opening of the blue through the bridge's arch being of itself a fragment of the most absolute and pure beauty within the limits of attainment or even of conception.

ONE of the great Banking-houses of London has at its head a nobleman, indeed, who possesses one of the choicest collections of pictures in London. Employed by this house are several gentlemen who are distinguished for expertness in business, combined with equal aptitude for art. One of them is

the author of the subjoined letter, and another is the highly accomplished friend alluded to as being an inveterate archæologist. These devoted servants of business are to be found at their desks for ten months or more yearly, absorbed by official cares, and wearied with incessant toil. Nevertheless, by a love for the beautiful, fed through fragments of leisure in town, and especially refreshed each vacation in the country by the most ennobling recreation, they maintain cheerful spirits and vigorous health. We respectfully submit that this example, and the closing suggestion of the following communication, are eminently worthy of imitation amongst ourselves.

Writing from "Paris, 22d October, 1856," our friend, after certain personal remarks, proceeds to say, in respect to the fine old town of Canterbury,—

"I was highly pleased with the Archbishop's city, and spent the best part of three days there and in the neighborhood, taking several careful surveys of the cathedral, the choir, and Becket's crown; in fact, all the old part is wonderfully fine, and the crypt marvellous. I was also hugely delighted with the quaint bits of Norman architecture in the different parts of the precincts. The more I see of Norman remains, the more I am inclined to indulge a lurking regret that the round arch and the multifarious accompanying decorations were so entirely superseded by the succeeding style. I am a thorough pointed-arch Goth, and would fight to the last cusp for the supremacy of this style; but still those great writers in stone who built our first cathedrals, would have made some grand combinations if they had suffered themselves an occasional digression into the regions of the celestial arch.

"I made a short *détour* to Sandwich church, which is a very interesting Norman relic, and has a fine tower decorated externally with three rows of arcades—not intersecting. I admire this decoration very much, and the effect of light and shade is very fine; but I will not worry you with any more details.

"I scarcely know what to say about this metropolis of civilization. Paris is a profound mystery to me, and the more I see of it and its inhabitants, the more utterly do I find myself perplexed to solve the enigma. They are a clever people, in many respects a very clever people, and yet they are children,—easily pleased, easily irritated, easily pacified, easily amused; but now and then, like spoiled children, subject to uncontrollable fits of rage, in which they kick and scream, and fight, and destroy everything that comes in their way, with a sort of demoniac frenzy. Then the city is very magnificent, very gorgeous, very bright, and clean (especially by comparison with poor smutty London), and yet it is for the most part a matter of gilding and stucco,—a sort of holiday attire, which requires continual furbishing and putting into order. I often fall into a "brown study" when I find myself in the Place de la Concorde, where the obelisk of Luxor (torn from the society of his venerable compeers) stands haughtily amidst the ephemeral and transitory edifices of feeble times. There is still, however, much to interest even me, a discontented, unsympathizing animal, I fear, in what still remains of the ancient buildings of Paris, although even here the genius (*δαίμων*) of restoration is busily at work—too busily in some cases. Restoration is a delicate subject when it goes beyond preservation, and one is apt to be alarmed even at the works executed with the best possible intentions and the utmost available skill. It seems almost like profanation to touch structures which have been adopted into the family of Time, and made venerable by the softening touches of his master-hand. I have also some misgivings on the subject of chromatic decoration, not as to the principle, but as to the extent to which it is desirable, or if you

* Sympathizing in some degree with the effect of Parisian brilliancy upon the mind of our correspondent, we must, in justice, say that one element of the architectural display of Paris is *honesty* of material. Very little "stucco" can be found in Paris, certainly upon any of its public buildings, nearly all of which, I we are not mistaken, are built of the Caen stone, or a stone of the same character.

please, allowable. At least the churches here, where it has been attempted, do not answer particularly well. Notre Dame looks gaudy, and has lost much of her severe dignity by the coloring of the nave, which, by the way, has a tawdry appearance, and was no doubt done in a great hurry, for temporary purposes. The chapels and apsidal I think may be as gorgeous as you please; and, by all means, let the windows be of the finest stained glass; but, I speak with hesitation, and subject to correction,—is not the severe simplicity of the native stone, with the foliage capitals, where 'light and shade repose,' more noble than any superficial coloring can make it? To-day I made an excursion to some churches, which are not in the usual list of Paris sights. St. Severin pleased me mightily; there are some very interesting examples of good Gothic, without much interference of modern improvements and restoration. The exterior has also some good parts visible, and probably some other interesting features, which are entirely shut out by surrounding houses. I take it for granted that you have seen all these places, and that you may also have visited St. Etienne du Mont, and have been as much perplexed and amazed as I was at their odd and eccentric mass of building. But it contains the tomb of Pascal, and with such a precious relic must still be a sacred shrine, to which pilgrims who honor the memories of the great, will always love to resort. I shall not trouble you with many more names, although the 'steed of the pen loves to expatiate in the plains of proximity,' when such a subject comes up. Notre Dame, with all its decorations and restorations, is still the great sight of Paris, and I can never sufficiently admire the magnificent west front. I do confess too, that our English cathedrals are for the most part inferior in the item of door-ways. The entry of Notre Dame is suitable to a magnificent temple; but with us the portals bear no proportion to the dignity of the building, that is, for the most part, for there may be a few exceptions—Peterborough, to wit. It is quite proper in Spenser to make the visitors to his House of Holiness stoop and enter in through the gate of humility; but the case is different with those vast temples, where everything ought to be in harmony with the greatness of the design.

"Now I have positively done with churches: you shall hear nothing about St. Denis (who had a fancy for carrying his head in his hands) nor St. Germain des Prés, nor Saint anybody else, about all which you know a great deal more than I do; but yet I hope you will not be altogether displeased to hear of objects which may recall some recollections from the secret caverns of the brain.

"There is one sight in Paris which I always see with increased delight, and that is the sky on fine, clear nights. This is a sight you will think not peculiar to Paris; but I have noticed here, that the sky at night seems to come down, and settle like a magnificent dome, over the large open spaces, and more especially over the squares, where the over-shadowing vault seems to rest on the summits of the houses. I have never seen this effect in London, probably from the mistiness of the atmosphere, or the inferior height of the buildings; but here it is my nightly contemplation. The same effect is noticed by Wordsworth, in the description of a deep valley amongst the mountains, circled in with mighty rocks, which—

'At night's approach bring down the azure sky
To rest upon the circumambient walls.'

"And now farewell for a brief season to Paris (of which you must be getting tired, as in truth I am likewise), and let us turn for a moment to England. What has been going on there for the last fortnight I do not exactly know; but before I left things were jogging on much in the usual course. P—— is still as wild as usual, and thinks of cusps and foils, and buttresses, and mullions, and other improper and frivolous subjects, in the midst of the serious and important avocations of credits and the money-market. But no traveller comes now to encourage his idle fancies. I do not find myself any the better in respect of this same architectural mania. In fact, I had formed a wild scheme of visiting Glastonbury, Wells, and Exeter, during my

brief annual respite from the chains of business, but the necessity of visiting this city, obliges me to defer the execution of the project to a future opportunity.

"Ruskin, I suppose, will finish his 'Modern Painters' this year, and send out something in the shape of hints or advice to young artists, and then he will be out of employ. I wish he would write a monograph (or monographs rather) of two or three of the most notable English cathedrals, with good and characteristic illustrations, using photography where it answers best. Such an undertaking would afford good scope for his genius; and, I think, be of great service to the cause of the Gothic. Why don't you recommend him to do so?

"What chance is there of Gothic architecture being introduced into the United States? Will you renounce the temples of the heathen, and learn to build Christian churches? The study of Antiquity appears to be spreading amongst you, which is a good sign. America wants something to counterbalance the craving for dollars, and studies of this nature are well calculated to have this effect. I hope their influence will also extend more widely here, for we, too, I greatly fear, are not innocent in the matter of dollars.

"But I will not vex you with any more dissertations, and will only add that I remain always very sincerely, yours,
G. H. W."

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J. DURAND,
Editor and Proprietor.

Wholesale Agents, for the lower part of the city, Messrs. DEXTER & BROTHER, No. 14 Ann Street, of whom the Numbers of THE CRAYON can at all times be procured.—See page three of the Cover.

Sketchings.

[ARTICLES of interest have excluded from our columns an Address to our readers, which we had prepared for this number. Our silence, however, may plead more eloquently for the interest of THE CRAYON than our address; and we must, therefore, rely upon the matter as well as the form of this new issue of our Journal, to call forth in its behalf the most energetic efforts of its friends. THE CRAYON, relatively to Art, artists, and the community generally, occupies a useful sphere, and one from which other papers are excluded by being devoted to other interests. Artists, from their agency in our national culture, and owing to the retired modesty of their calling, need an organ quite as much as, if not more than, any other body of men; it is our intention that THE CRAYON shall be this organ, and that it shall be a fitting link between them and the rest of the community, who are ready to take a deeper interest in Art and artists in proportion as their knowledge of both shall become more extensive and enlightened.]

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

In the city of Boston there is to be seen and enjoyed much that contributes to sustain the faith of lovers of Art. Among the various facts which may be cited in proof of this assertion, we have to put forth the New England School of Design for Women as one of the most prominent. This school was founded in the fall of 1851, by a number of Boston merchants and ladies, interested in the subject of opening a wider field of useful occupation for women. The object of the school is to furnish instruction to pupils who desire to become teachers of drawing, but more particularly to develop a faculty for designing, so as to enable its graduates to become designers for manufacturers. The school was opened on the 7th October, 1851, under the care of Mr. Wm. J. Whittaker, with seven pupils. Great results